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THE CHILDREN'S PAPER

AUTUMN LEAVES.
(Sir J. E. Millais, P.R.A.)

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS, LTD., LONDON, EDINBURGH, AND NEW YORK.

A "Gentle" of Old Devon.

"WHAT is a gentleman, grandam?" asked little Mary Orpin one morning.

Her grandmother looked up from her spinning. "A gentleman," she said, "is any man who is gentle in all his ways—gentle of heart and gentle of hand."

Mary nodded wisely. Then she took her basket down from a nail, and set off to the market in East Budleigh on an errand for her grandmother.

Later in the morning, as she was trying to cross the crowded market-place with a basket of rosy-cheeked apples on her arm, a gay company of riders came galloping down the high-road. At the sound of the horses' hoofs the throng scattered, but Mary Orpin, confused and bewildered, stopped short in her tracks. She might have been knocked down by the flying hoofs of the foremost horse had not the rider, catching sight of the little figure, reined up abruptly and thrown out a warning arm as a sign to his companions to do likewise. As the cavalcade came to a sharp halt the rider of the first horse, a dark-eyed, graceful young man with a pointed beard, cried gaily,—

"Ha, little one, do not be frightened! See, thou and thy basket are safe. Hast an apple for me and my merry friends?"

Little Mary, frightened no longer, laughed and curtsied low in the cobbled roadway. Then she went hurrying over to the polite horseman, but in her haste she stumbled. She threw out both hands, and managed to keep herself from falling; but her basket fell to the ground. The apples went rolling to right and left under the horses' hoofs, and were quickly trampled to a pulp.

Mary Orpin wept piteously. "They were for my grandmother," she cried between her sobs.

"Alack-a-day!" exclaimed the tall young rider who had first spoken. Stooping in the saddle, he swung the little girl up on his saddlebow. "Weep not, little one," he said. "Thy grandmother will not fret when she finds her little apple-blossom maid unhurt."

The child fearlessly buried her face in his magnificent starched ruff.

"Where do you live?" the horseman asked.

When Mary told him where her grandmother's cottage was, without a word to his smiling companions he swung his horse round and cantered down the road. A gaping, chattering crowd of village folk followed them.

Mary was beaming with delight when

BRITISH MUSEUM

the stranger set her at the gate. She rushed in to her grandmother. The old woman was still busily spinning for the county fair, which promised to be an unusually fine one, for—so the rumour ran—Queen Elizabeth was to be present on the third day, which was the chief day of all.

"Where are the apples I told thee to get at market?" the old grandmother asked.

The smile faded from little Mary's face, and tears rushed to her eyes. "O grandam," she cried, "they are all ruined!" Then she stammered out the story of her adventure. "But see," she finished—"see what a beautiful gentle gave me to pay for my loss. He said it would buy many apples, and a farthingale for thee and new ribands for my hair."

She stepped closer, and held open the pocket of her apron. It was full of shining gold pieces.

Her grandmother raised both hands.

"Heaven help us!" she exclaimed in a frightened voice. "No English coins are these!" She took up a gold piece and examined it. "No gentleman, but a rude, fierce pirate must have given them to thee."

But Mary shook her brown curls. "No, grandam," she said positively. "He was no pirate; that I know. He was in truth an Englishman, and the money was his own."

That satisfied the grandmother. With trembling hands she took a jar down from the chimney mantel, and put the bright golden coins into it.

"To-morrow, Mary, you may go again," she said.

Mary clapped her hands. "Grandam," she said, "you shall have a farthingale almost as fine as the queen's own!"

On Sunday, the day before the fair, Mary Orpin and her grandmother went to church at East Budleigh. Mary wore a riband in her bonny hair, and her grandmother had a fine new farthingale, and at her neck a starched ruching.

They found the village in great excitement. A large crowd had gathered in the street and before the church; trumpets blew and banners waved.

"What is it all about?" they asked the sexton.

"Hast not heard?" he answered. "Queen Bess herself is visiting Devonshire, and this day she comes to

church. Also, many of the court do follow in her train. Chiefly she honours Sir Walter Raleigh, who returned this week past from across the seas."

"Sir Walter Raleigh!" shouted the people. "Three cheers for Sir Walter of Devon! Three cheers for our great Queen Bess!"

The throng parted, and Queen Elizabeth came through, riding on a white

palfrey; a wonderful retinue rode with her.

Little Mary Orpin stared at the silks and satins of the lords and ladies, and at the beautiful robes and jewels of the queen herself. She had never seen such beauty and richness before.

Then she noticed a young man in purple velvet and a beautiful ruff, who rode beside the queen. Ah! she knew who it was. She recognized him by his small pointed beard and his sparkling brown eyes. Seizing her grandmother by the arm, she pointed to the rider, and cried shrilly, "Oh, look, grandam! There is the fine gentle—no pirate at all, you see!"

People turned to see who had spoken, and little Mary, remembering her manners, grew very red.

"Hush thee!" her grandmother said sharply. "To think of thy boldness!"

The queen reined in her horse, and all the other riders followed her example. She looked down at the little girl, and her eyes twinkled.

"Right, my lass! Our brave Sir Walter is no pirate, but a very fine gentle indeed!"

She leaned down from her saddle and playfully caught one of Mary's curls.

As for Sir Walter Raleigh, he waved the plumed hat that he carried in his hand, and, smiling, bowed low to the little Devonshire lass. The crowd stared. No fine lady in England ever had a more gracious bow than that.

"Gentle of heart and gentle of hand," little Mary sang under her breath as she followed the crowd into the church. "Gentle of heart and gentle of hand—that's what makes a gentleman." The refrain kept running in her mind.

"But, alas! I can never be a gentleman," she thought with a pang. Then her small face brightened. "I know, I know," she said to herself; "I'll see if I can't be a gentlewoman—perhaps that will do just as well!"

Motto for October.

'Tis all very well to be happy
When life goes by with a song;
But the man worth while
Is the man with a smile
When everything goes dead wrong.

Sent in by WINIFRED HORN,
40 Cranworth Street, Hillhead, Glasgow,
to whom a book prize has been awarded.

Golden Text for the Month.

I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.—ROMANS i. 16.

Molly's Way.

"I KNOW every line of my piece, but I am afraid I can never, never stand up and say it!" sighed Molly. "When I see all those people sitting in front of me and all those eyes looking at me I shall forget every word."

"There is nothing to fear," said Aunt Mary. "The only thing that will surprise your friends is to see that you are afraid."

"Yes, but my voice always sounds so queer, and when I feel frightened I can't speak at all."

"Let me tell you a good rule to follow. When you go up on the platform think of some one person in the audience that you want to please. Choose your mother, perhaps, and try to remember that she would be very disappointed if you did not speak slowly and distinctly. Try to make her hear. Do not think of yourself."

"Well, that is a good idea," said Molly, going on with her recitation :—

"Be good sweet maid, and let who will be clever."

There were both boys and girls in Molly's school, so she and her brother Jack went together every day; but Molly got home earlier, because she was three years younger.

Molly had a great admiration for her brother Jack, for he was in the upper school and was a great many inches taller, and so she was much surprised when coming into the hall to find Jack sitting by himself in a corner, the picture of despair.

"Molly, you tell them that they must get some one else to say my part to-night. I don't feel well."

"I know you feel trembly inside, just as I did," said the discerning Molly with a sister's frankness. "Only because you are frightened, Jack." And then she told him what Aunt Mary had said. "I am going to say my piece right at you," she added. "I'm not a bit frightened."

Jack felt the sting of pride and held up his head. "I can do anything that a girl can," he said with determination.

When Molly went up on the platform she did feel rather timid. She did not believe the little hall could hold so many pairs of eyes, and they were every one fastened upon her. She looked away over them until she found Jack, and looking at him calmly she repeated her lines.

His was the very next piece on the programme, and she was relieved to see him go forward without any sign of nervousness. He fixed his eyes on her, and recited in a way that made her more proud of her brother than ever.

At the end of the evening her teacher came up and placed an arm round each. "How did you both manage to do so well?" she asked. Jack looked at Molly, but they kept their secret, and you are the very first person to be told of it.

Superstition or Natural History?

FROM a Nile station in the Sudan a British officer reports a remarkable bit of superstition or natural history, he does not pretend to say which. Being out on a hunting expedition with a party of Sudanese, he came upon the body of a giraffe that had been killed some thirty-six or forty-eight hours before, and, as the wounds showed, by a lion. Upon asking his servants why, if a lion had killed it, he had not eaten it, they smiled as if to say that he was evidently new to the Sudan, and pointed out that the giraffe had fallen and still lay on its left side. They then explained that if, when a lion strikes his game, it falls on its right side he eats it, but if on its left side he leaves it untouched. Other Sudanese with whom he discussed the matter told him the same thing. The Englishman admits that the natives may have been "spoofing" him, and that the belief may be only a superstition; but he is inclined to think otherwise, and to believe that the natives have hit upon a fact of natural history that white men had not discovered.

Stories of the Disciples of Jesus.

CHAPTER I.

ST. PETER AND THE ANGEL.

ST. PETER, the servant of Christ, lay in prison awaiting his execution, ready and willing to lay down his life in the cause of his King.

Many years had passed since that long ago day when his brother had come to him and eagerly told him, "We have found the Christ," and he had first looked upon the beloved face of his Lord and Master. He had been a bold, active young fisherman then, proud of his strength and his courage, and when the Master had called him to leave his nets and his boat, and to be instead "a fisher of men," he had thrown himself into the new work with all the energy and keenness he possessed.

Then came that dark, bitter time when the King had looked for courage in His bold follower, and had found cowardice—when St. Peter had deserted and denied his Lord. Could he ever forget how he had boastfully declared, "I will lay down my life for Thy sake," and how the sorrowful answer had come, "Wilt thou lay down thy life for My sake? Verily, verily, I say unto thee, the cock shall not crow till thou hast denied Me thrice."

He had wept very bitterly when those words had come true, and the crowing of the cock had reminded him that he was a traitor and a coward. But no tears could wash away the remembrance of his Master's face when for a moment He turned and looked upon His cowardly servant.

All his pride then had been crushed and humbled, all his courage lost; but one true thing remained—his love for his Master. It was this love that had helped to make him once more a trusted friend and follower of the King. After that Resurrection morning his Lord had come to him, and had three times asked him the question which was to wipe out all traces of his three denials.

"Lovest thou Me?" asked Jesus.

"Lord, Thou knowest all things, Thou knowest that I love Thee," cried St. Peter. And then came the command, "Feed My sheep."

Ever since that day St. Peter had striven to do his Master's bidding. There had been no signs of cowardice now. He was the boldest of the followers of the King; and so it was that, when a great persecution of the Christians was begun, he was one of the first to be seized and flung into prison, with a special company of soldiers to guard him.

It was springtime, and soon all the earth would be decked with flowers, and new life would be waking everywhere. It was the time when, many years ago now, his Lord had risen, and made Easter day a day of triumph.

Now it had been decided that when Easter dawned the people should enjoy the pleasure of seeing one of the King's followers put to death, and St. Peter waited quietly in his dungeon for the morning to break.

All the Christians in their houses and secret meeting-places were praying for

him. He was sure of this, and the thought comforted him; so he settled himself to sleep peacefully between his soldier guards, to whom he was bound by two strong chains. Outside in the starlight more soldiers were keeping watch, but in the prison all was dark.

Then, all of a sudden, the darkness vanished, and a light shone clear and bright. It was neither starlight nor the glow of dawn, but an angel stood there in shining robes, and the dungeon was filled with a glorious radiance.

"Arise up quickly," sounded a voice in St. Peter's ear, as the angel bent over him and roused him from his sleep. St. Peter struggled to obey, forgetting his chains; but as the strong hand of the angel helped him to rise, the chains slipped from his hands and left him free.

Again the angel spoke, and bade him clothe himself and put his sandals upon his feet and wind his cloak around him. All this St. Peter did without questioning. He was sure all this was only a dream or a vision. Presently he would awake, to find himself chained as usual to the sleeping guards.

But again the voice sounded, "Follow me," and St. Peter followed the shining messenger through the prison door and past the soldiers who kept guard outside. Every door silently opened to let them pass. Not a soldier challenged them; and when at last they came to the iron gate which led into the city, that too swung back to let them through. Into the city streets they went—streets which St. Peter knew well—and suddenly he found himself alone, with no guiding light and no angel companion.

It was not a dream. The cool night air blew upon his cheek, the stars were quietly shining overhead, and he knew every house of the street in which he stood. Then the truth flashed upon him. God had sent His angel to deliver him, and he was free. The people were baulked of their prey, and the Easter dawn would bring him life, not death.

There had been no sleep for St. Peter's friends that night. In a house close by they were still praying and watching for the dawn, when a knock sounded at the door of the gate, and a young maid, called Rhoda, went hastily to see who was there. In those terrible times a knock might mean some fresh

terror. The maid would not open the door until she knew who it was who knocked, and she listened intently to the voice which answered her from without.

It was a voice she knew. Overjoyed and full of wonder, she did not stop to open the gate, but ran swiftly back to tell the others. The very man they were praying for was standing there, knocking at the door, she declared.

"Thou art mad," they answered her almost roughly. This was no time for idle imaginations. But there was no doubt she believed what she said. There was a ring of absolute certainty in her voice, and at last some of them began to think that perhaps it was St. Peter's spirit which had stood there.

But the knocking still sounded on the door. Could a spirit knock so loudly? At least it was wiser to open the door and see who was there. And so at last the gate was cautiously opened, and St. Peter stood before them.

The cries of surprise and delight were checked almost as soon as uttered. There was much need still for caution, and St. Peter held up his hand to command silence. Then, in breathless hush, they led him in, and he told them the story of his deliverance, and how at the angel's touch the chains had fallen from his hands, and the bolts and bars had slipped back.

So for a time St. Peter was still free to carry on his Master's work. But the end, when it came, was as welcome to him as the shining angel had been, for this time it was through the gates of death that he passed into the presence of the King.

We cannot be quite sure by what death the old fisherman saint glorified his Master, but people think that it was at Rome that he gave up his life. An old story tells us that St. Peter was fleeing away from that city to escape death, when, on the great road leading to Rome, he met his Master walking wearily towards the city, carrying a cross upon His back.

"Master, whither goest Thou?" asked St. Peter.

"I go to Rome to be crucified in thy place," answered the King.

Then St. Peter knew that he had done wrong in leaving his post of duty at which God had put him, and he turned back bravely to meet his death.

It was the same death as that Master had suffered; only, to the humble, loving soul of His servant, it seemed too great an honour to die as his Master had done, and he begged that he might be crucified head downwards, to mark the difference between himself and his King.

(*To be continued.*)

He wanted a Full Trip.

THE foreman had rebuked Cassidy for not taking a full load of bricks up the ladder every trip, and Cassidy had promised not to offend again. One morning the supply of bricks ran out, and Cassidy, after gathering every one in sight, found he was still short the proper number. He called to a workman on the fifth floor.

"What do you want?" asked the man.

"Throw me down one brick," shouted Cassidy at the top of his voice, "to make good me load!"

Scientific Amusements

THE SWINGING DICE.

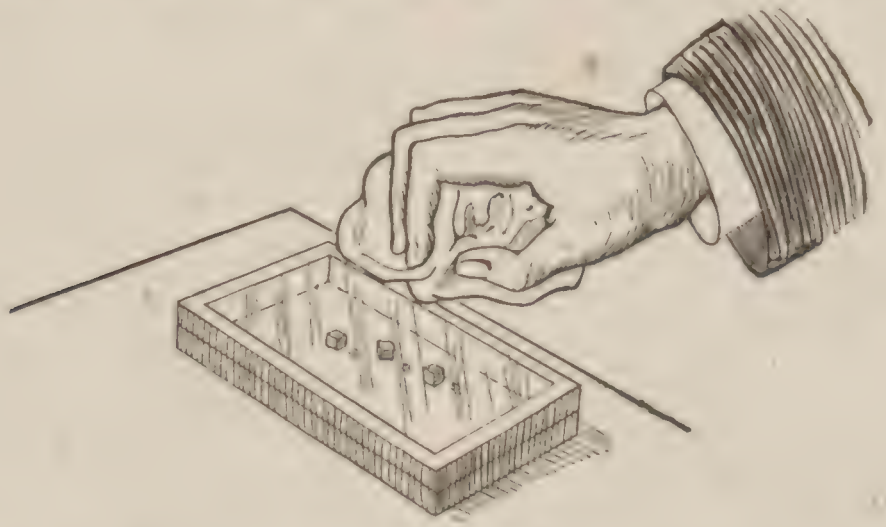
PLACE two books on the table at such a distance apart as to act as supports to a square of glass laid over them. Underneath the square scatter a few light bodies, such as small bits of cork or paper, feathers, pith balls, and the like.

Let us now electrify the glass by rubbing it with wool or silk well warmed before a fire. Immediately the light bodies will leap up towards the glass, fall back again to the table, make another leap up, and so on indefinitely. Or we may shape little puppets out of pith, and set them moving in a veritable dance.

Or the following amusing and baffling game may be played.

Cut out of elder pith three small cubes of the same size, and mark them like dice with pen and ink. Place them in a shallow box with a glass top.

When the glass has been electrified by friction the small cubes will spring up and fix themselves to the lower surface. Ask a friend to sum up the numbers on the dice. After a few moments, without having touched the box, you show him that he has counted badly—the sum of the points on the dice is not what he said. He adds them together again, and once more the dice change, and he is again convicted of careless counting. The explanation is that the face of each cube in contact with the glass loses gradually its power of cohesion. It falls away, remaining attached by one of the edges. Then the neighbouring face becomes attracted, and the cube oscillating about the edge fixes itself to the glass by another face. In this simple manner arises the changing of the points, at first so mysterious.

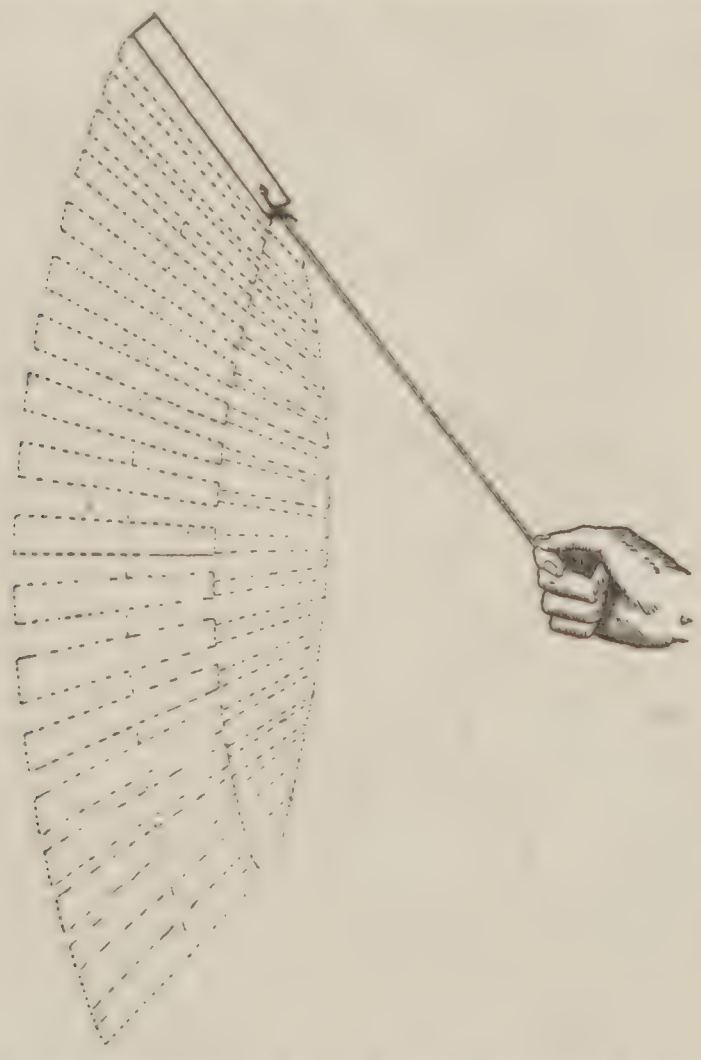


THE MOANING ROD.

THE apparatus for this experiment is a flat ruler or similarly shaped strip of wood with a hole near one end, through which a string is passed and tied securely. Seize the other end of

the string, which should not be longer than two feet, and whirl the ruler round, slingwise, in a vertical circle. If the motion is not very rapid a curious fluttering will be heard. As the motion is sustained, this fluttering will die away and come on again as long as the object is kept in motion. Increase the speed, and the fluttering will become a low moaning, the pitch of which will rise with the rapidity of the motion. Here also, however, with steadily maintained whirling the sound of low pitch will be followed with intervals in which only a swishing sound will be heard—intervals, therefore, of comparative silence.

Meanwhile the hand will feel a rhythmic pull showing a varying tension in the string. Also when the moaning sound is heard the eye will see a series of successive images of the rod.



This is due to the rod rotating round its long axis so that it presents itself to the eye, now broadside on, now edge on, in rapid alternation. The fact of the rotation is proved by simply stopping the motion, when the string will be found to be powerfully twisted.

Another curious feature of this

phenomenon is that the rod and string refuse to move in a vertical plane. Instead they describe a conical surface.

When the operator is out of sight the moaning sound has a most weird effect upon the listener. It suggests gusts of wind, and yet it is not quite the same. Were it continuous it might be compared to the sound of an aeroplane propeller.

A Prairie Story from Real Life.

A VALUABLE horse, belonging to a settler of the name of Morrison, had run away, and his two sons in their light house jackets ran off in pursuit, while his little girl, named Pink (who scours the prairie like a Mexican), jumped on a small pony, without bridle or saddle, and followed her brothers. The morning was fine, and the chase was exciting, and none of the children took much thought of their whereabouts until night, when a snowstorm came on. They were cold, hungry, and lost in a blizzard on the pitiless prairie. The second boy, George, alone had a warm coat, and this he wrapped around the shivering little girl, and the three crawled into a haystack, and told stories, laughed, and tried to keep up their spirits by imaginary tea parties. The wolves howled around the haystack, and the night grew bitterly cold, but still the boys crouched over their little sleeping sister.

In the morning the younger boy was still anxious to search for the lost horse, but yielded to his brother's earnest entreaty, "You know mother will be so anxious." Half a mile from home he told his sister to ride on as fast as she could, and he sat down to die in the snow. The elder boy, then, seeing his brother's danger, although almost exhausted, managed to carry the fainting boy to his home, and after hours of anxious work he was restored to consciousness. They had been thirty-six hours without food or water, and, considering their thin clothing and exposure, their safety seems a miracle.

I-Me-or-Mine: an Old-Time Game.

THE players are given grains of corn or beans, or whatever may be used for counters. They then form couples, and the two members of each couple begin to talk to each other with the object of carrying on a conversation without using the words I, me, or mine. Whoever uses one of those words must accept a counter from the person with whom he is talking. The winner is the person who gets rid of all his counters first.

At the expiration of a time limit a signal is given and the partners change. The game goes on until only two are left who have any counters. Those two then talk it out, while the others gather round to listen.

It often happens in the beginning that a player will say, "You said I!" and so has to accept one counter as he gets rid of another.

"Creatures of the Sun."

"CREATURES of the sun." That is the best name I have heard for the merry little monkeys of the New World and the Old. I have heard other names too. Some people call them "thieves" and "rascals"; others call them "empty-headed chatterers." But "creatures of the sun" seems the best name of all, for even those of us who have only seen monkeys in the Zoo, and who have never watched the little creatures in their true home life at all, can understand that this name is a true one.

For how cold and unhappy the poor little beasts sometimes look on the warmest days in our cool climate! There is plenty of artificial heat, no doubt, pervading the monkey houses of every Zoo, but "Oh for the bright shining heat of the hot sun!" their sad eyes seem to say sometimes, as they hug each other to keep warm. Pathetic, too, is the organ-grinder's monkey in his little red coat, which you possibly think he wears for smartness, until you remember how cold he'd be without it even on the warmest day. Yes, certainly, the monkeys are happier in a warmer land than ours.

A great many of them live in South America. There are huge forests in that country of great giant trees—trees so tall that they would seem unbelievable to us; whose branches have twisted and twined together, and whose roots stick out of the ground like giant limbs; which are so entwined with great creepers, and so matted with undergrowth all about, that it would be difficult indeed to find one's way. These forests are the home of the South American monkeys—the monkeys of the New World. There, in the tall, giant trees, are the homes that the Zoo monkeys dream of at nights, sometimes, when the cages are dark and the visitors have gone away and they are huddled up fast asleep inside. What kind of home had they there?

Well, they didn't live anywhere, so to speak, for they lived everywhere. Up and down the forest, round and round, and through and through, the monkeys went, looking for the sweetest fruit to eat, searching for the most delicious insects; one day towards the plantain fields, perhaps; another day to sample the custard apples—perhaps to the mangoes afterwards: all together in a lively troop, quarrelling, chattering, and hurrying from branch to branch; just thinking of to-day and not caring for to-morrow, and as merry and as jolly as could be.

But there had to be some member, at least, of the monkey troop who took thought for the rest; and there always was the leader, or the one who made the rules. He was sometimes a cross, tyrannical old chap, who didn't want, perhaps, to stand quite so much nonsense as he *had* to stand from his unruly friends. As soon as the sun was well up—for monkeys don't stir until the world is thoroughly well warmed for them—he would get his army into some kind of working order. Suppose they were ordered off to the plantain fields—well, watch them start.

I expect it would make you simply roar with laughter to watch them.

Hanging on by their tails, twisting round and making cart wheels with the help of their legs and arms, making faces at each other as they pass, stopping for a minute to whack the face of some one who is looking rather too pleased with himself—for all the world like a class of most atrociously mischievous little chaps who won't keep order in school. Off they go, for, after all, the whole of life seems a game to the monkeys.

Have monkeys any enemies? Oh yes, lots of them; but that doesn't seem to make them unhappy. They've done the best for themselves by learning to live up high in the trees, away from the wild beasts below, and they're not caught unless they come down to the ground. There are the natives, too, of course, who enjoy monkey meat, and they are enemies as well; but they find the little creatures very difficult to aim at with their arrows, because they're so quick in their movements one never knows exactly where to shoot. Monkeys have their own weapons, too, and will fling down cocoanuts, or sticks, or anything that comes handy, at any one who tries to harm them. And they seem to understand that when they are plundering crops they run a good chance of being caught, for there are often monkey sentinels stationed ready to warn the rest, who are nipping off tender shoots or trying nice juicy fruits. And when the word of warning comes, away hurries the troop, chattering and joking all the way, and quite enjoying the fun of it, all the same, but determined to retire in good order.

The monkeys of India are terrible thieves, yet no one would dare to kill one: they are under State control, for they are "sacred animals." I don't think any one is quite sure *why* (though I believe an old legend tells how the island of Ceylon was once conquered by a god in the shape of a monkey); and I'm pretty sure that many of the natives wish they *weren't* sacred.

For the sacred monkeys are a perfect nuisance. They have been given groves and glades all to themselves, laid out for them beautifully, and where they are provided with food and drink. But do you think they stay there? Indeed they don't. They are quite clever enough to enjoy being "sacred," for they know that no one will harm them whatever they do. And they hang to the roofs of the houses in some of the towns, just as though they were trees; crowd in the streets, steal from the bazaars, and snatch food from passers-by. There is a story of a grand christening cake that was ordered from the native baker; sugary and delicious it was, and when it was finished the dainty was locked up in the back of the shop to keep it safe. But the monkeys found out that cake, and they squeezed themselves in through a tiny opening in the window, one at a time, made a chain of themselves, and passed out the cake in chunks to their friends. When at last the baker, feeling very proud, brought his customers in to see the cake they had ordered, there was the last sugary piece being handed out of the window by the last monkey.

Another story tells of a town whose monkeys had become such a nuisance that the inhabitants decided that they *must* be got rid of. To kill them or to hurt or offend them in any way was unlucky, of course; so the worthy natives devised a tactful plan. They hired comfortable carriages and drove the monkeys out into the country for many miles; then the doors were opened, and they were given their freedom. But do you think they wanted it? Not they. They jumped out and ran about a little just to stretch their legs; but as soon as the empty carriages had started again back came the monkeys, and they settled themselves inside again very cheerfully and came back to the town, having much enjoyed the outing.

THE SERIAL STORY.

Two on an Island.

By Ethel Talbot.

CHAPTER X.

"HOWEVER are you going to get back to the camp?" said Marjorie in anxiety, much more worried about her patient's state of health than about his blunder in natural history knowledge. "D'you think you can manage it? Here, take my arm."

"It's only stiffness," Jim assured her; "it isn't much." He leaned pretty heavily, however, and Marjorie, flushed and panting, tried to keep carefully in step with him. "It'll go off in a brace of shakes."

It took some time, however, to reach the camp, and there were no opportunities for talk on the way. Jim had to stop several times to rest, though he persisted that his foot was perfectly well. "And it's jolly well got to be *quite* well by to-morrow," he announced later on over the supper of potatoes that they found waiting for them in the embers.

"Why?" asked Marjorie, with her mouth full. "I can cook and everything, you know, and you can just give orders and take a rest for the day, and tell me bush stories, like what your father tells you."

"If you want to know why," said Jim, "I'll tell you. It's because of what I found in the cave."

"The cave!" Marjorie sat up and stared. "Why, I went in, and——"

"*You* went in, mate?" It was Jim's turn to stare.

"Well—I—I was looking for you," remarked Marjorie; "you—you didn't come, you see."

"But I thought you were terrified out of your wits of the place," remarked Jim, still staring.

"Well—I was—till—till I thought you were being killed—or something. Then, somehow, I didn't feel frightened any more—of the *cave*, I mean." Marjorie got very red. "Have another potato?" she concluded.

"And you went into the cave to look for me. Marjorie, you've more spunk than I thought. You're a perfect little stunner." Jim still stared. "Well, *some* girls may be as silly as I used to think them, but—you're not!"

"It's time you knew a few more girls," said Marjorie, to change the subject. "Jim, have you ever spoken to one before the day you met me?"

Jim got very red. "Well, hardly ever. I generally kept out of their way at parties and things. But some *women* are nice. I had a nurse once when I was a kid who was kind to me. Mother died, you know," he added gruffly. "But that nurse went and got married when I was small, and since then I've never—" He stopped.

"Well?" inquired Marjorie, with blue eyes wide open.

"Well, once when Dad and I were at a hotel, there was some one awfully kind who patched me up when I fell out of a tree. I rather thought I liked women then." Jim sounded gruffer than ever. "And you—you're

a little *brick*," he concluded. "I wouldn't mind—*much*—if you were my sister."

"It *would* be fun," said Marjorie, quite delighted with the compliment, "for you'd be my brother then, wouldn't you? And your Dad could tell me tales about the Bush, and all the things he knows; and—perhaps then I shouldn't be so stupid about caves and things." She sighed.

"Talking about caves," Jim broke in suddenly—"look here, when you were inside, did you spot the chest?"

"The chest? The chest on the beach? Why, I'd forgotten about it."

"No, the chest in the cave; it's the same one, if you'd believe. Listen." Jim burst into his story, while Marjorie listened with bated breath.

"And I never saw it," she gasped. "I never *thought* there was another cave— I was wondering——"

"I stuck that fleece back again, of course, so that they shouldn't twig that I'd been," said Jim. "And——"

"Oh, do go on," pleaded Marjorie.

"Well, this is my idea. I believe that treasure is the Spanish treasure—the old Spanish treasure that Uncle and all his friends are so keen about. And if so, these smugglers know about it. They evidently are on the hunt for treasure, and they must have found the chest on the beach last night and moved it into the cave. Suppose it's full—full of gold and silver, I mean, and most likely it is—we've no right to let it get carried away by them."

"Do you think they'll come back for it?", asked Marjorie, feeling very frightened.

"You bet they will, or why did they put it there? They'll come by night, I should think, for they won't risk being seen by day. They'll probably bring a larger craft, and cart off the chest to goodness knows where, and——"

"Well?" entreated Marjorie.

"Well, and then it'd be lost for ever. My idea is," said Jim, "to get back to the cave to-morrow. To-night's impossible, because of this foot of mine, but if I keep it bandaged like this I can manage—it's better already—to get to the cave again to-morrow; and then, if they haven't taken it off already, I'll have a try at opening the chest and seeing what's inside."

"But—your foot. Do you think it will really be well?" begged his nurse.

"And do *you* know what it's worth—treasure like that?" inquired her patient. "And it belongs to the Crown, or at least some of it does. There's a law or something that Dad told me about. And think what a wretched sell it would be to let those smugglers get the whole haul. I'd rather—" He moved his foot and winced, while Marjorie watched him gravely.

"Oh, do rest, Jim," she entreated. "Perhaps if you don't move—" She ran to and fro like an anxious bird. It was almost nicer than anything, she thought, to wait on Jim like this; if only he wouldn't be rash and get his leg worse again. She put on a last bandage before retiring to her little peat house for the night. "And I've put on potatoes, and I'll make some

of that 'damper,' and get breakfast to-morrow," she said, in a motherly tone. "Jim, it would almost be fun to be camping out like this if—if—Mother was here, and everything, and your Dad, too. He could tell us things about——"

"Ripping," said Jim sleepily; "but if you ever see him, you won't let on how I went looking for sea-gulls' eggs in July, will you?" He chuckled at the remembrance.

"As if I would," said Marjorie indignantly; "and—if you ever see Mother, you're not to tell her how—silly I was about your going to the cave. She would say— And besides, I'm coming with you to-morrow, you know."

"You are?" Jim sat up. "Mate, you're a little stunner. I wasn't going to ask you, but to tell the honest truth I was wondering how to manage alone with this foot. But if you really don't think you'll funk it, we'll get there like greased lightning."

"I'm never going to funk any more," said Marjorie resolutely. "Besides, you couldn't get there alone; so, of course, I'm coming."

Strange to say, having once broken the back of her fear, she was not half so frightened of the cave as she had been. Besides, Jim needed her. She turned over and fell fast asleep, and her companion, on the other side of the camp fire, was not very long in following her example.

Neither of them would have slept quite so soundly if they had realized what the next day was to bring.

(*To be continued.*)

Brave Boy Ben.

(*Try to read this quickly.*)

BOISTEROUS Beatrice broke beautiful bric-à-brac; but Beatrice's brother Ben bought barrelfuls.

Bracing breezes blew boats bearing Ben's bric-à-brac by Bensonhurst. But blizzards belated bold, brave Ben. Boylike, Ben blamed blustering blasts, but blinked blindly.

Bang! boomed Bensonhurst bell buoy blocking Ben's bow. Bah! boldly bragged Ben. Boys' bravery borders bravado. Ben's brimming boat barely breasted big, brutal breakers. Ben's breast burned because bills become big. Behaving badly benefits beleaguered boys.

Bang! Breakers buried Ben's boat. Bygones better be bygones.

Poor Shooting.

A STORY is told of an old lady who was watching a tennis match at Wimbledon.

One player had been showing remarkably fine form. He had "got over" all his first services for several games when—bang! His judgment erred, and the ball landed in the net.

"There!" said the old lady. "That's the very first time that man has hit the net with the ball, and he has had hundreds of tries!"

CHARMS strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.—POPE.

Rules for Competitors.

COMPETITORS *must* attend to the following rules :—

1. Subject to the age limits, you may enter for any or all of the competitions, but you must attach to your answers one Competition Form cut from the current number of the paper. The Competition Form will be found on page 200. No answers will be considered unless accompanied by this Competition Form. It must be filled up as directed.

2. A Competition Form *must be attached to one* of the papers sent in by each competitor. Other competitions entered must have the name, address, and age of the sender written distinctly upon them.

3. Care should be taken with *writing* and *neatness*, as these will be taken into consideration in judging all competitions.

4. Address your answers to "Aunt Mary," *Children's Paper*, c/o Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd., Parkside Works, Edinburgh.

5. No answers will be received later than **October 15.**

[We rely upon you to send in your own unaided work.]

Competitions for October.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Competitors must put their full postal address on each competition, and must put a sufficient amount of stamps on their packets before posting; but are requested *not to enclose* stamps for replies, as these can in no case be sent.

In each Competition the Editor offers two prizes.

For all Ages up to Sixteen.

ESSAY COMPETITION.

Write a short paper on your favourite pastime. The paper must not exceed 250 words.

JUMBLED PROVERBS.

Each line of letters given below represents a well-known proverb. In each proverb the wrong vowels have been used; substitute the proper vowels, and find the proverbs.

Imossesisgaedosimula.
Ipearoxcasoasbittarthennina.
Ostatchontumasovasnona.
Strakewholathuorenashut.
Teaminycaiksspielthubreth.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A).

Make a drawing (a little larger) of the picture on page 1 of cover, and colour it either with water colours or chalks.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (A).

1. Write briefly the story of Queen Esther.
2. Tell in your own words the story of Peter's vision at Joppa.

For Children under Twelve only.

COMPOSITION COMPETITION.

Write a short account of how you pass a week at school.

DROPPED LETTER PUZZLE.

Th.r. .a. a l..tl. .a. h. h.. a l..t.e s..l;
A.. .e s.i. .i..le .o.l .e. u. t.y .r. t..
M..r.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B).

Make a drawing of a bicycle, and colour it either with water colours or chalks.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (B).

Tell in your own words the story of Ruth and Naomi.

For Children under Ten only.

LETTER COMPETITION.

Write Aunt Mary a letter telling her about the country in autumn.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C).

Make a drawing of a leaf with autumn colouring.

MOTTO COMPETITION.

The Editor invites all to enter this competition. A book prize will be given for the motto which is published in the paper. Each motto should have the name of the author from whom the quotation is taken.

Prize List for August.

ESSAY COMPETITION AND COMPOSITION COMPETITION.

The number of entrants for these competitions was so small that Aunt Mary has decided not to make any awards for them this month.

DIGIT COMPETITION.

1. Ivy Furlong, Brynamlwg, The Avenue, Carmarthen. 2. Edwin Hammond, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop.

Honourable Mention.—Herbert Moyes, 616 Shettleston Road, Parkhead, Glasgow; Hilda C. Henry, The Diamond, Clones, Co. Monaghan, Ireland; Agnes Manson, 10 Wyndham Street, Belfast.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A).

1. Ivy May Stubbs, Minshull Vernon Church of England School, near Crewe.

Honourable Mention.—Edward Macmillan, 6 Victoria Street, Alloa; Cecilia Pattison, Green Mount, Bollington, near Macclesfield; Beryl Stevens, 3 Kersal Gardens, Kersal, Manchester; Mazoura Flockhart, Carnalea, Brunstane Road, Joppa.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (A).

1. Donald Gould, Gartsherrie, Shirley Road, Southampton. 2. Hilda Woor, Moreton End House, Luton Road, Harpenden, Herts.

Honourable Mention.—Bertie Johnston, 16 Newington Avenue, Larne, Co. Antrim, Ireland; Jean Jackson and Joseph Clay, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop.

LETTER PUZZLE.

1. W. Lusk, Ballyalbana, Ballyclare, Co. Antrim, Ireland.

Honourable Mention.—Doreen Buss, Budgenor Cottage, Easebourne, near Midhurst, Sussex; Jennie Higgins, 2 Brook Street, Coleraine.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B).

1. Willie B. Pattison, Green Mount, Grimshaw Lane, Bollington, near Macclesfield.

Honourable Mention.—Irene Lemon, 7 Northumberland Terrace, West Hoe, Plymouth; Roy Brayne and Bessie Pope, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (B).

1. Robina Wilson, 164 Auchinairn Road, Bishopbriggs, Glasgow.

Honourable Mention.—Florrie Jackson, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop; Doreen Buss, Budgenor Cottage, Easebourne, near Midhurst, Sussex.

LETTER COMPETITION.

1. Nina Addison, Crossvale, Upper Ballinderry, Lisburn.

Honourable Mention.—Marie Hammond and Anne Clay, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop; Irene Dellar, Church Lane, Wunton.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C).

1. Joseph Taylor, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop.

Honourable Mention.—Zoe Ethel Stericker, Mayles, Cobham, Surrey; John Pattison, Green Mount, Bollington, near Macclesfield.

Alphabet Game.

THIS game may be played by from three to fifty persons with much profit, pleasure, and interest. It is necessary for one of the party to have a list of the questions to be answered. When he calls out the subject it must be answered correctly by a word or sentence beginning with the letter which has been chosen for use throughout the complete list of questions; or the list may be written on a piece of paper by each player and a certain time—say two or three minutes—given in which the answers may be written. Suppose "C" is the letter chosen; the leader will say: Beginning with C, name (1) an English city; (2) a foreign city; (3) a Scottish river; (4) a foreign river; (5) a mineral; (6) a poet; (7) a poem; (8) a book of fiction; (9) an author; (10) a vegetable; (11) a bird; (12) a fish; (13) a writer of fiction; (14) an animal; (15) an insect; (16) a statesman; (17) a king; (18) a piece of furniture.

The following is an example of the answers that may be given: (1) Canterbury; (2) Constantinople; (3) Clyde; (4) Colorado; (5) copper; (6) Chaucer; (7) Christabel; (8) Cranford; (9) Chesterton; (10) cauliflower; (11) chaffinch; (12) crayfish; (13) Corelli; (14) camel; (15) centipede; (16) Chamberlain; (17) Charles II.; (18) cabinet.

CHILDREN'S PAPER COMPETITION FORM. October.

Name..... *Age last Birthday*.....

Address.....

Cut this out and attach it to any papers you may send in for Competition.

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